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THE STRICKEN FIELD.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

O fields! O beautiful fields
The waving woods between!
With your golden harvest yields,
And your grasses soft and green,
Ye have a right to be glad,
Caressed by the wind and the sun;
But the red field lieth sad—
Ravished, undone!

Red, the sovereign hue,
Red, the tint of the rose!
Red is the day when new,
And red at its peaceful close.
But the rose would sicken and die
With thorns for its only yield,—
And the crimson blanch in the sky.
O'er the blood-red field.

For the pitiless farmer, Fate,
Ploughed deep with a fiery share,
And he reaped with the sickle, Hate,
And he sowed the seed, Despair;
He sowed the seed Despair—
He sowed and he reaped in a breath—
And the crop he gathered there,
Men call it—Death!

Never a flower in bloom
Leans over that field of strife,—
The broad plain is one tomb,
And a flower hath joy and life.
But the winds pass to and fro,
And the clouds have been unsealed,
And the sun, and the winds, and the snow
Shall cleanse the field!

Dedham, Mass.

“ ‘In the twentieth century’ said Victor Hugo, ‘there will be no more dogmas or frontiers.’ He was doubly mistaken. And, speaking of frontiers only, they will last as long as the nations whose distinct physiognomy and mutual independence they preserve. But it is true that the frontiers will be no longer marked with blood, and the nations no longer possessed by hatred. Free at last from all the Cains, the world will witness the brotherhood of men under the fatherhood of God.”—*Père Hyacinthe*.

THE INJUSTICE OF WAR.

REV. H. H. HINMAN.

One of the most striking manifestations of the intrinsic wrongfulness of war is, that while it is always undertaken to inflict punishment upon those against whom it is waged, yet these penalties always fall on the subordinates and never on the principals. For war, unlike the conflicts of individuals, is an affair of governments and rulers, in which the men who do the actual fighting, who attack batteries and give and receive bayonet charges are but as chessmen in the hands of the player, who go where they are placed, and do what they are bidden.

There must be an awful responsibility somewhere for the scenes of carnage and the unutterable woes of the battlefield as well as for those after results of international hatred and public and private demoralization. That responsibility is doubtless shared in a degree by all who willingly participate in the conflict. But surely the main, the *grave* responsibility rests on those who declare and who carry on the war, rather than their (often unwilling) instruments in its execution. If on either (and often, if not always, on both sides) the crime of engaging in war with another nation or people, is one that is deserving of death, it follows that if any one may justly be tortured with shot and shell and left to expire on the battlefield, it is the man who conceived and brought about the conflict and the legislators who made the declaration and voted the supplies.

But it always happens that they are *sure to escape*, nay, they are uniformly treated with much consideration, while those who are, to say the least, but mere subordinates, bear all the dreadful afflictions. No one thinks of the members of our American Congress or the British Parliament who have voted to send forth armies, as liable to all the moral responsibility and deserving of all the penalties that are involved, and yet, as principals in the transaction, they, if any, are the ones who ought to be torn by shot and pierced by bayonets.

What a travesty on justice it was to slaughter the vast armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, while he at whose bidding all of Europe was drenched in blood, was simply restrained from war but treated with profound respect. Not that mercy is wrong, but that the objects of mercy should always be the subordinates rather than the principals. The only assumption on which this business of killing the citizen for the crime of his government can be reconciled

with our ideas of justice is the old heathen notion, that the king owns the people, body and soul, and that the way to punish the king is to kill his people, just as men execute vengeance on a stockman by destroying his cattle.

But if this principle is wrong—if man is something more than a brute, and does not deserve to suffer for the acts that are not his own, then all war is of necessity unjust.

OBERLIN, O., July 11, 1893.

REUNION DAY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

The Boston Peace Jubilee of 1869, celebrated an event which merited a more than temporary recognition—the Reunion of the States. The great festival of music began on June 15th, *Magna Charta* day, the birthday of English liberty. The year before, the month of June had witnessed the practical reconstruction of the Union, and on the 4th of July general amnesty had been proclaimed. It was a happy Boston idea, to hold a Peace Jubilee during the longest days of the year, when the great trees of the Common should be fresh with foliage and the Public Gardens lined with roses; a mid-summer festival, the music of which should express the universal joy over reunion and peace. Thousands of people remember how the national airs were there sung as they had never heard them before; how cannon timed the movement of great chorals, how anvils rang, and how great choruses sang the patriotic inspirations of the ages. The influence of the Festival was most happy, and the memory of it has been cherished among the ideal and beautiful experiences of the past.

We are making new festival days for a new generation, as the times demand; most of them celebrate heroic achievement and material progress; might it not be well to consider a plan for a day that, in the spirit of the Old Boston Musical Jubilee, shall sing the advancement of the pacific arts, the brotherhood of the races, and the influences of Peace? Would not the arts which are universal honor themselves by creating such a day?

The new education of the arts of peace has no special day in which to express its mission. Religion, patriotism and labor have their festivals. The new kindergarten education; the reconsideration of the principles of Pestalozzi, which claim that true education stands for *character* and the relations of human brotherhood; the spirit and plans of the late Pan-American Congress, the raising of White Bordered Flags, the Peace and Arbitration Congress which is to meet at the World's Fair, Chicago, the growth of fraternal feeling among the republics of the three Americas in the interests of commerce and education, the reciprocity treaties, the impoverishment of the European continental countries by standing armies,—these,

and many like influences are producing a peace sentiment such as Cobden, Bright, Sumner, Lucretia Mott and Harriet Martineau saw in visions, but never knew in reality.

New thought and inspirations require new expressions, and the old Boston Peace Jubilee, on the 15th of June, at the time of the longest and most beautiful days of the year, recalls an event that the friends of the arts of human progress might well use as an object lesson, and repeat in the advancing years of our national life and history. Why may we not have this day as one of Reunion and Peace, and teach in song, oratory and art the Pan-American prophecy of unity of the Christian nations?

If such a day should not call for general recognition, it yet might well appeal to the poetic sense of musical societies as it did to the Boston artists of '69. Music first sang Peace in the morn of the Nativity, and the new relations of brotherhood among mankind invite the art to carry forward the mission of which the advent angels sang. The beautiful lines of Keller's American Hymn, one of the Peace Jubilee's memories, well voice the spirit of the time:

"Angel of Peace thou hast wandered too long
Spread thy white wings in the sunshine of love."

To sing such hymns as these amid the roses of June, on the day of the birth of English liberty and at the time of the reunion of the States would be a worthy beginning of the new century at a time when we are criticised as losing the highest qualities and finer sentiments of the soul in the pursuit of material wealth. There was one thing that survived the ruin of Rome—it was the *Carmen Seculare*. Had Rome sought the arts of peace rather than war her *Seculums* and their glorious song on the Tiber might not have ceased with the celebration of her 1000th birthday under the alien sceptre of Philip the Arabian.

THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

ON

MR. CREMER'S MOTION FOR A TREATY OF ARBITRATION WITH THE UNITED STATES,

JUNE 16th.

On the motion to go into Committee of Supply,

Mr. Cremer rose to move:—"That this House has learnt with satisfaction that both Houses of the United States Congress have authorized the President to conclude a treaty of arbitration with any other country; and this House expresses the hope that her Majesty's Government will at the first convenient opportunity open up negotiations with the Government of the United States with a view to the conclusion of such a treaty between the two nations, so that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomacy, shall be referred to arbitration." Having presented a petition from some hundreds of British citizens resident in Paris in support of the motion, the honorable member said that in 1887 an address to the